THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORRESTER.

A Sardinian tale.

(Continued.)

ALPHONSO could not help shewing how much he was disconcerted at her relation; but Rinaldo endeavoured to explain the dream to have been occasioned by her over anxiety for their safety, and entreated her to consider it as wholly undeserving her serious attention.

There is a fatality, however, in dreams, that frequently baffles every endeavour to disregard or despise them. From whatever cause they arise, the effects are too well known to be disputed; and idle and superstitious as those may be thought who give them any sort of regard, events have been, perhaps, accidentally preceded by them, which, though not exactly the same, yet in some shape or other, so much resemble them, as to recal them to our memory and reflexion.

Thus it happened with Almira. Little respect was paid to her dream; but it was in vain that care was used to avert what it predicted, and turn aside an incident that for a while delayed their intended journey.

Antonio, the uncle of Rinaldo, it seems, had been thrown out of the hunt just after his nephew, and wandering about the forest in search of some refreshment, happened to come near the hut, at the very moment Rinaldo and Almira were discoursing together near the grotto. The sight of his nephew was so wholly unlooked for, that it was impossible for him not to be struck with astonishment the moment he saw him; but a still greater degree of surprise seized him, upon perceiving him in company with the most accomplished beauty his eyes had ever beheld.

Antonio, who gazed with wonder and admiration, was for a while at a loss to determine whether to accost his nephew, and make himself known to him, or watch for an opportunity of addressing Almira alone.

While he was thus deliberating within himself, Rinaldo left his

fair companion for a conversation with her father. The moment, at once the most favourable to his wishes, was too precious to lose. He immediately alighted from his horse, and presented himself before her.

Almira screamed with alarm, demanded whence he came, and who he was, and entreated him to forbear offering any violence. But Antonio, wholly disregarding her admonition, proceeded to salute her, declaring that nothing should ever dispossess him of a woman so fair and lovely. At this instant, Rinaldo returned! he returned, but who can describe his feelings? It would have been enough to have struck him motionless to have found her with a man; but to behold his dear Almira folded in the arms of another, was death itself. Fired with too much rage for reflexion, he immediately drew his sword, and running up to Antonio, was upon the point of plunging it into his heart, when he perceived it to be his uncle. "Heavens!" exclaimed Rinaldo, "is it possible that my eyes can see right, or do they not deceive me, when they present to my view one of the worst of ruffians, in the person of my uncle Antonio?" Antonio, instead of offering any excuse for the insult he had given, used the grossest language to Rinaldo, and loaded Almira with the foulest abuse, telling her that his power was not to be resisted, and that no protection should shelter her from his intentions. So saying, he turned abruptly away, and after remounting his horse, vowed he would presently return with a force too powerful for them to think of opposition.

Rinaldo requested Almira to be composed, and to fear no hurt. There was more reason, however, for her to be alarmed, than he was aware of; for Antonio quickly appeared again with three attendants, and demanded admission at the hut, in which Alphonso had, for the present, advised Rinaldo to secure Almira.

Every argument was used in vain to dissuade Antonio from proceeding any farther in his views against Almira. Every assurance of opposition was treated with contempt, and he only became more irritated when he was informed that, whatever her present appearance might be, she would in a very short time move in a sphere of life as much above him in rank, as she was superior to him in every accomplishment of the mind. Antonio, notwithstanding, still persisted in his resolution to possess himself of Almira, for whom he assured Alphonso he had imbibed the most inviolable regard. Rinaldo, he said, was no stranger to his title and riches, both of which he was ready to lay at Almira's feet, however above what she could have any right to expect; but that if she was still denied to his wishes, she should nevertheless be his.

Antonio, having expressed himself to this effect, immediately left the hut, bidding Alphonso and his nephew beware of provoking his resentment.

Antonio, enraged at the repulse he had met with, determined to resent the injury; nor was he long without the means. He immediately caused a diamond ring of great value, and well known to the king, to be concealed within Alphonso's hut; which having done he posted away to the first village he could reach where he made a formal complaint of his having been robbed on the forest, by several ruffians, and obtained a warrant to enable him to search for the property that he pretended had been taken from him.

The barbed shafts of malice are ever swiftly shot. Hence, Alponso had scarcely time to consider of the conduct of Antonio, and guard against the revenge he threatened before the effects of his resentment were unhappily felt. He was just on the moment of departing, in company with Rinaldo and Almira when several officers suddenly seized him, by virtue of a warrant Antonio had obtained. Rinaldo immediately drew his sword, and would have slain the person who had laid hands on Alphonso, had his prudence not restrained him.

"By what authority,' demanded Rinaldo, "is this violence offered?' The officers immediately shewed their warrant, informing him that it had been obtained on the complaint of the lord Antonio, who had been robbed by several villains, one of whom he suspected to be Alphonso; and they added, that their farther orders were to search for the effects Antonio had lost, and which were then suspected to be concealed within the hut. When the name of Antonio, was mentioned as the person who had been robbed, it was impossible to determine whether Alphonso, Rinaldo, or Almira, discovered the greatest degree of astonishment. They each of them perceived the wickedness of the charge, and the vile source from whence it came; and Alphonso, conscious of his innocence, scrupled not to suffer the officers to search the hut, not knowing that he could have any thing to fear from it. But Antonio had laid his plan much deeper than they suspected. The wretch who had hid the ring in Alphonso's hut, was artfully sent with the officers, who, directed by him, instantly went to the spot where it was concealed; and taking it from its hidden place, presently returned with it, proclaiming it a proof of Alphonso's guilt.

Though Rinaldo immediately saw through the horrid scheme, and what was really meant by it, he could not but feel himself most sensibly alarmed; since his uncle, the count Antonio, was at the head of the superior council, and had a power lodged in him to judge of

all offences, and to punish those he pronounced guilty at his will and pleasure.

"Come," cried Rinaldo to the officers, "your warrant must be obeyed: Alphonso shall attend you."

"Sir," replied the officers, "Alphonso must not stir hence It is the order of the Count Antonio that he should be closely confined within the hut, until he comes here to try the offender.

"And does he mean then, gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Rinaldo, "to be both prosecutor and judge? But execute your warrant. Alphonso is innocent, and shall be protected."

Almira, who had been lost the whole time in a mixture of surprise and indignation at the baseness of Antonio, threw herself at Rinaldo's feet, and bedewing them with her tears, besought him to seek the king, and interest him in behalf of her father, against the view of Antonio.

"Be of good cheer," cried Rinaldo, "the king comes to-morrow to a neighbouring city, on his annual circuit, to enquire into the administration of public justice. There will then be an opportunity of appealing from the sentence of Antonio, should he dare to convict you of the theft you are charged with, and of procuring you ample justice for any injury you may receive."

"Heavens!" cried Alphonso, "his presence will surely shelter me from the dreadful persecution with which I am threatened."

It will easily be imagined in what manner the unhappy father, and the two lovers passed the day and night. It was in vain that Rinaldo entreated Alphonso to take comfort, and contemn the plot that Antonio had so basely laid against his life. The very thought that he was accused of being a thief, a character at once so mean and detestable in the eye of a man, drove him almost to a state of absolute distraction. The motive of Antonio's conduct, he consoled himself, would very readily be made appear: it being notorious upon the very face of it to be concealed; but the fear that filled him at the same time, lest Antonio should be able, through his emissaries, to effect his purpose before the arrival of the king, overwhelmed him with grief and despair, and gave a very severe check to those services he would otherwise be certain of deriving from Rinaldo's friendship.

Such were the reflexions that occupied Alphonso's mind, when Almira, too deeply affected by her father's situation, not to think of every means of relieving him from it, used the most winning persuasions in her power to induce him to make an immediate disclosure to Antonio of his birth, and the pretensions it gave him to the

throne of Sardinia: flattering herself, that the knowledge of it would not only discourage him from any farther attempts on the life and honour of Alphonso, but strike him dumb with shame and confusion at the part he had acted. Alphonso listened to the advice of his daughter with all possible attention and respect, though he could by no means think of taking it. "No, my dearest child," said Alphonso, "I would on no account reveal my birth. Heaven knows I am innocent of the crime I am charged with, but the event of it is uncertain. I would not for the world have it known that the son of Orlando, the heir of the crown of Sardinia, was ever suspected of having commited a theft. No, Almira, I would go to my trial, obscure and unknown as I am. If I should, by the villainy, of Antonio, be found guilty, my family will suffer no disgrace from my unhappy fate. If I should be pronounced innocent, as Heaven knows I am, with honour I shall then be able to discover myself to my father and my country."

While Alphonso and Rinaldo were preparing to ward off the blow intended by Antonio, every instrument the latter could employ, was industriously used to carry into execution his diabolical design, and hurl destruction on Alphonso's head. Accordingly an officer, attended by a party of soldiers, who were ordered to wait at a small distance, came to Alphonso's hut, and demanding an immediate interview, informed him, in a solemn tone of voice, that Antonio had been made acquainted with the circumstance of the very ring he had been robbed of being found concealed in his hut, and consideridg that alone as a sufficient proof of his being the robber, had thought fit to order him to serve for life as a galley-slave.

[*To be continued.*]

THE STRANGER.

(Continued.)

THE unknown re-embarked, and Jaques and his master once more pursued their journey towards l'Orient. They had travelled but a little way when Jaques gave a scream.—The Stranger inquired into the cause of his fright—"Alas, Sir," replied he, his knees knocking each other, and his teeth chattering, "my horse just stumbled over something, and I got off to see what impeded his course, when my hand touched a clay-cold human body."—"Set your horse at liberty," exclaimed his master, with a solemn voice, "as I shall mine, we have no more occasion for our steeds." Jaques, still more aud more amazed, hesitated to obey the Stranger, who had dismounted, and let his steed loose.—"Obey me sirrah, no demur. It is now too late, you

have sold yourself to me, and must obey." The trembling fellow did as he was enjoined.—"Now, come," said the Stranger, "sit down by me and watch the corse."

"I had rather stay at a distance, I know the respect I owe you, Sir, and besides, I am not fond of such companions as the third might prove."—"Peace, poltroon, obey in silence, or dread my vengeance."

Jaques, thoroughly intimidated, and more than repenting his temerity, approached, and, shuddering, seated himself by the side of his master, repeating all the prayers which his memory could recall. Suddenly a sharp whistle put an end to his orisons, and he in a beseeching voice, whispered to the Stranger—"For heaven,s sake let us fly, we shall certainly be taken as the assassins of this man."—The mysterious Stanger made him no answer; innumerable guards, bearing torches, appeared on every side. As soon as they beheld them, they exclaimed, "This is the murderer whom we seek."—"Yes," said he, in a ffrm voice, "I am he ye are looking for, and yonder stands my accomplice. do your duty, and bear us to our prison." Jaques in vain protested his innocence, and railed at his master's perfidy, he was surrounded, and with the Stranger and two officers forced to mount into a coach which waited at a little distance. His master appeared totally unconcerned, and the officers treated him with a deference during their short journey, far different from the harshness they had evinced whilst in presence of the guards. They soon reached l'Orient and were placed in different cells of the common jail. Next morning they were brought before the judges; when what was Jaques's astonishment, at hearing the Stranger confess that he and Jaques had murdered the man whose corse they had found among the rocks. The poor fellow cried, swore, and called Heaven and earth in witness of his innocence. His master's depositions was too strong, besides, as a corroboration of their mutual guilt, short daggers, the blades encrusted with blood, were found on both their persons.

Jaques repented his obstinacy, forgot his resolution of adhering to his master, requested to be heard, and was on the point of relating the discourse between them on the preceding morning, when a mournful and reproachful glance from the Stranger's eye, recalled his courage.—"No, I have sworn to die with him, (said he, mentally) I will not cowardly betray him now." The proofs against them were admitted as conclusive, and they were doomed to be burnt on the following evening just at sunset, at the place where the murder was committed. Jaques and his master were permitted to be in the same cell for the remainder of the time allotted them to live; and

no sooner were they alone, than the despairing servant began to upbraid the Stranger.

"Jaques," replied the latter, gravely, "I told thee that it must be so—I have never deceived thee; what hast thou to complain of? Thou hadst nearly ruined me by thy blabbing, and then I could not have ensured thee that comfort which I have promised, as the reward of thy attachment to me. Be confident in me, and fear nothing."

"You, perhaps, Sir, fear not death," replied Jaques.

"No more didst thou," resumed his master, "when I found thee first."

"I then was in a state of despair, from which you have cruelly drawn me, to make me meet a still more dreadful end."

"You then were guilty of a crime—you now are innocent; nay, you are more, you are, unconsciously; it is true, rendering service to your fellow-creatures. Be assured, good fellow, that the day of reward will come; but besides, thy doom is fixed, make therefore, the best of thy situation, for it cannot be altered, and remain persuaded that could I have done without putting thee to this trial I would; or that if my destiny alone had been implicated, I would have confided in thee, and relieved thee in some measure from thy fears; but the happiness of others is involved in the mystery that hangs over my fortune, I dare not trust in any one; but be confident, all my promises will soon be realized.

Jaques, far from being relieved by his master's exhortations, now that his curiosity was banished by his fears, became persuaded that the Stranger's brain was turned, and resolved, could he gain a hearing, to declare all that he knew concerning him. He therefore kept a sullen silence, until the jailor came, and then requested most humbly an audience of his judges. This was peremptorily refused, and hope at length was totally excluded from his breast.

A priest came the following morning to exhort them according to custom, and give them absolution; to him the poor fellow sought to impart his story. The reverend father heard him with patience, but an incredulous aspect. "This will hardly pass current, my son," said he, "no one will believe so improbable a tale; receive thy judgment then with resignation, and try no more to avoid the sentence of the law." After these few words, he left the cell, and Jaques gave himself up as lost, whilst the Stranger remained totally unmoved.

The hour for the execution at length arrived, and they were led to the spot where the corse was found; the Stranger and his ser-

vant were tied back to back to the fatal stake, faggots were placed around them, and the torches were applied to them.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

Seneca.

THE task of commending, is confessedly more pleasant than the one of censuring; the mind feels a calmness and delight, while it dwells upon the goodness and virtues of those around us, and can with facility run over, and remember with pleasure the conduct of the meritorious: but to find fault, and point out blemishes, is not by any means a desirable undertaking. Yet when a writer or speaker has a good motive in view, and possesses a consciousness, that what he writes or speaks, is not to gratify his spleen, envy, or malice, but tends to improve those whose follies are exposed, he must be considered as acting a part far from unworthy. If in the course of this essay I should happen to be a little severe upon the *fair* readers of the Miscellany, I hope they will not set me down for a cross, ill-natured, misanthropical cynic; because the case is quite contrary. I am a general admirer of all the beauties of nature, and feel convinced she never created any thing half so *lovely* as when she formed *woman*; and it is entirely owing to themselves, that their power over us is not greater than it really is. The custom too much prevails with parents in this city, to withdraw their daughters at a very early age, from seminaries of learning, and immediately to initiate them into the company of their elders, before the mind can be properly formed to bear the gaudy round of fashion, or the splendour of new scenes. The introduction of a female, from the *nursery* to the *assembly-room*, has often been attended with the most serious consequences; for it is not to be supposed, that the young and inexperienced can so well ward off and guard against the temptations, lurking in the extensive circles of mixed company, as those who have advanced to greater maturity; and though their *morals* may not undergo vitiation, their *manners* usually receive a stamp of vulgarism, which the hand of time can never completely remove. Can any circumstance be more mortifying to a modest man than the one of entering a strange company, where the ladies, as if with one consent, begin to interrogate each other in loud whispers, of—*who is he? what is he? who knows him? la! what a curious name! I wonder where he come from!*—accompanied with a few *titters!* Frown not, reader, I am not carrying you to the log cottages of the Hudson Highlands, no, not by any means,

you are now in one of those circles of *politeness*, where good manners are often scorned, and *humble* merit abashed and looked out of countenance, by *folly*, *impudence*, and *ignorance*. This is one of the many disadvantages ensuing from an irregular and imperfect system of education. Another very generally extended, is (if I may be permitted to use the term) a certain blind conversation; and happens when one of those *well-bred* females (unable to make her companion understand a whisper) exclaims in a pet, "*Why, surely you know my meaning—what took place the other day—you know what—faugh, the story I was telling you,*" &c. while the rest of the party set in suspense until this *wonderful* secret is finally adjusted. The conversation (if it can be so called) then recommences, with a clamor, more like the midnight orgies of some fabled sorceress, than the reasoning of rational beings. Those who speak in the *loudest* key, commonly bears off the palm; however, this has been questioned, as some have thought, the telling of a pretty long story, about nothing, in one breath, ending with an immoderate fit of laughter, as far the most preferable *accomplishment*. I am clearly of opinion, that it would afford matter of amusement to the stenographer, if he could be placed incog. to write down the conversation of one of those *babblers*. How many expressions of this kind would he find in it—*I thought I should have laughed till I died—I never laughed so much in my life—I never was so pleased before—I never heard a better story—the best book I ever read*—and all this applied to every object and thing, without the least discrimination. Can such women think? impossible, or they never would render themselves so truly despisable! There are also some *stately* females, who, wherever they make their appearance, cause a silence and shivering among the whisperers, bawlers, and laughers, more dreadful than a shock of the ague, and these go under the denomination of *learned* disputants; are possessed of vast reading, nothing (of the novel kind) has escaped them; they have studied with attention, from the puny page of Tom Thumb, to the very climax of Radcliff's and Lewis's Horribles! No person is safe within their sphere, they attack all, without consideration. How often have I seen the smile of contemptuous pity set upon the countenance of a learned man, when one of these declaimers has got upon a subject beyond her reach, and was advancing theorem after theorem, of which she understood nothing but the name. What is the reason so many females continue this practice, in defiance of all kind of modesty? I will answer for them in a few words. In one case out of ten, no person has been kind enough to inform them of their ridiculous folly; and the cause of what they call repeated *victory* in argument,

proceeds from this—a sensible man has too much delicacy to contradict or affront a lady, and it is the fool's characteristic, to extol every thing above his comprehension. It may be thought I wish to insinuate *all* women are capable of reasoning upon abstruse subjects; heaven forbid I should entertain any such ideas. HONORIA is possessed of every accomplishment that can adorn the mind; her tongue is eloquence itself, she understands in its fullest degree, the power of distinguishing between right and wrong; yet what she advances in public, is tempered with a commendable diffidence; others receive instruction from her, while she only appears anxious to learn; her language is the language of truth, information beams in her eye, and every word thrills upon the hearers heart like a touch of electricity. From whence does these captivating qualities arise? The question can be easily solved. From the age of fourteen, to that of sixteen, HONORIA, instead of figuring in a ball-room, or courting the giddy smiles of fleeting pleasure, was more worthily employed in treasuring up a fund of useful knowledge; and of which, the frowns of a chequer'd world, or faithless friends, can never deprive her. I feel happy when I say, there are many such, and if the example she sets were followed, there might be many more. I do not wish to be tedious, still while I am on the subject of female follies (to give them no harsher name) I cannot help noticing the article of *dress*. It is a matter of surprise, how any woman, having a regard for decorum, can possibly wear a garb, by which the most abandoned of her sex are distinguished. The position has been universally granted, that all persons were willing to appear better characters than what ought of right to belong to them, yet here is an exception too palpable, by any means to be got over; for at this period we find *some* women, who no doubt are virtuous, studiously endeavouring to make themselves appear what in reality they are not. If a country stranger should happen to be in Broadway when one of our *fuashionable belles* was taking her usual *rounds* on a cold day in December, he would certainly suppose she was some poor deluded young creature, turned upon an unpitying public, and ready to perish with distress. Frequently have I felt compassion for a woman of character, who has been obliged to observe the smothered laughter, and overhear the indecent observations of a group of libertines, who have, or pretended to have taken her for what I will not stain my paper by mentioning. Rest assured, my fair countrywomen, the exhibition of your charms to every idle gazer, is not the way to gain either our admiration or respect; objects that we are continually familiar with, soon lose their power to captivate, and did you but know the gross jests and

remarks the men (for men *will* jest and remark, if you give them room) make upon your follies, you would blush for yourselves—We acknowledge the sublimity of the *sun*, though none of us choose to gaze long upon his *glaring* beams, yet we all feel inexpressible delight in beholding the *mild* and *argent moon*, as she majestically performs her rout. We admire the *rose*, but it is the *lily* that combines with it the sensation of tenderness: and 'tis the *placid mein*, the *downcast eye*, and the *modest mantle*, indicative of the fair and innocent form it enshrouds, that inthrals the affections, and enraptures the soul of man.

O. W.

Kip's Bay, November, 1809.

THE RESURRECTION.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: death held his sceptre over the Son of God—still and silent the hours passed on—the guards stood by their post—the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears—the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory awaited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length, the morning star arising in the east, assured the approach of light. The third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled from its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken!—an angel of God descended—the guard shrunk from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christian, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood! but now, as the first born from the womb of Nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The father of Mercies looked down from his Throne in the heavens: with complacency he beheld his world restored: he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desart rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal des-

cended as the dew of Heaven for the refreshing of the nations.

JOAN OF BURGUNDY, SURNAMED LA FOLLE.

IT is impossible to contemplate the affection which this princess bore to her husband, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, without feeling emotions of the strongest sympathy. Upon the death of that prince (the eldest son of Maximilian, emperor of Germany) the Queen, whose brain was somewhat disturbed before, fell into so deep a melancholy, that it was with difficulty her attendants could keep her from famishing herself. During the whole of her husbands sickness, she had never, though in a delicate state, stirred from his bed-side, either by day or night; and after he was buried, being told by a monk, that he had read in some legend, of a king who came to life again after he had been dead fourteen years, she immediately commanded her husband's body to be brought into her bed-chamber, where, having taken it out of the coffin, and laid it in a bed of state, with its face uncovered, she kept it there as long as she lived. And when she was awake, was continually looking upon it, and watching when it would rise. So much was her jealousy of him increased by his death, that she would never suffer any woman but herself to go near his corpse; nor any of her sex, besides her old servants and confidants, to come within the doors of the room where it lay. And when spoken to on affairs of government, she would say, that it ws scandalous for the widow of a good husband to let any thing trouble her thoughts, but the memory of her great loss.

FEMALE DUEL.

A duel took place lately between two young ladies at Ratisbon, the one 14, and the other 15 years of age, having quarrelled about the affections of a lover, provided themselves with a case of pistols, and in the rage of their jealousy fired at each other, with the muzzles almost touching; one of them was killed on the spot, and the other dangerously wounded.

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR NOVEMBER.

Morning Dress.

A high morning robe of fine jaconet, or cambric muslin, bottomed from the throat to the feet; a high fluted collar, edged with lace, and clasped in the centre with a topaz, or other gem. A chinese girdle with a tassel, confines the bottom of the waist, and is tied in front, so as to reach a little below the knee. A loose morn-

ing robe, or pelisse, of white muslin, green shawl print, or jubilee sarsnet, trimmed entirely round with a correspondent border. Silver filligree bracelets, with topaz studs. A matron mob, or cap of point lace, ornamented with shaded yellow, or lemon coloured ribbon. Gloves and slippers of lemon coloured kid. Infants robe of yellow muslin, over a fine soft cambric shirt.

A petticoat and Roman tunic of fine thin cambric, long sleeves, and high collar, interjoined and trimmed entirely round with swansdown, and confined at the centre of the throat with a rich cord and tassels of blended silk and gold. The cottager's hat, of imperial coloured straw, tied simply under the chin, with a white ribbon. Parasol, gloves, and shoes, of correspondent shades with the hat.

FREE-MASONS.

The society known by the name of Free-masons, is so called, because they who first established it, understood building and masonry; or perhaps, the first principles of it were laid down by masons. But, whatever may have been their origin, they are now very numerous, and there is scarcely any country where there are not Free-masons. They trace their origin from the building of Solomon's Temple; and this, of all the circumstances which relate to their society, is the only thing they are permitted to communicate.

Notwithstanding the cloud which envelopes the proceedings of this society, it appears they attend to their manners; and their secret is, by acts of disinterestedness, generosity, and kindness, to fasten those bonds which ought to unite mankind. If these be the principles of Free-masonry, the place in which they meet should be considas the Temple of Friendship, at the gate of which, is the God of Silence.

A man who had but one eye, met early one morning, a person who had a crooked back. "My friend, said he, you are *loaded* betimes." "True, replied the other, it must be early indeed, for I see you have but *one* of your *windows open.*"

MENTAL LOVE.

Mental love is a thing as pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world, That love that can clense, as said an ancient, was never true.—Mental love contains in it all sweetness, all society, all prudence, and all wisdom. It is an union of all things excellent; it contains proportion, satisfaction, rest, and confidence. The eyes of a wife are then fair as the light of heaven; a man may then cease

his cares, and lay down his sorrows upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and of chaste refreshment.

MARRIED,

On Monday morning, by the rev. Mr. Townley, Lieut. Henry Hervey, of the United States army, to Miss Louisa-Ann Arden, eldest daughter of James Arden, Esq. of this city.

On the 25th of November last, by the rev. Samuel Hasgill, of Rye, Mr Gabriel Purdy, of Harrison, son of Samuel Purdy, to Miss Esther Purdy, daughter of Elijah Purdy, Jun. Esq. of White-Plains.

At Philadelphia, Frederick Wm. Sherry, to Miss Maria Kentzing.

At Norfolk, Drayton M. Curtis, merchant, to Miss Mary Wale.

At Saybrook, Conn. by the rev. T. W. Hotchkiss, Mr. Wm. Willard, to Miss Harriot Hart, daughter of Samuel Hart, Esq.

Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,
And Virtue still the happy union bless!
Wrinkled with age may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recal the bloom of youth.

At Southold, L. I. Mr. Wickham Reeve, to Miss Phoebe Goldsmith. — Mr. Joseph Moore, to Miss Hannah Goldsmith.—Mr. Benjamin Webb, to Miss Bethiah Terry.—Mr. John Clark, to Miss Lydia Horton.—Edward Smith, Esq. of Stonington, to Mrs. Phoebe Wickham.—Mr. Ephraim King, to Mrs. Abigail Howell.——Mr. Enock Youngs, to Miss Phoebe Owen.—Capt. Ebenezer Wells, to Miss Hannah Hudson.

Also, at Southold, on the 22d of Nov. by the rev. Mr. Thomson, Mr. John Osborn, to Miss Susannah Horton.

And O, blest pair,
May offsprings dear,
Soon crown your fond embrace,
Soon may there rise,
To glad your eyes,
A long and beauteous race.

.....

DIED,

On Wednesday afternoon, Joseph Taylor, late Worshipful Master of Trinity Lodge, No. 10.

On Thursday morning, Mr. W. Gamble, a native of England.

On the 2d inst. after a short and severe illness, Mr. Seaman Buffet, aged 33 years, a native of Huntington, L. I.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 42 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LINES,

Written upon leaving Miss M— B—, of Philadelphia, at Elizabeth Town, New-Jersey.

AH! lovely maid! can I forget to cast
A pensive thought on moments that have pass'd?
When smiling pleasure caus'd those eyes to dance,
Wounding whatever met their piercing glance;
When o'er thy face such magic sweetness woke,
That at each look thy very features spoke—
'Twas then, Maria, that my bosom felt
Those tender pangs which cause the soul to melt;
That moment, now upon my heart I trace,
In letters, such as time can ne'er erase.
Justly our sex yours oftentimes reprove,
For faithless negligence in plighted love;
But who's so young, so puerile in mind,
As to neglect the first of woman kind.
When rolling Hudson seeks its native source,
And all its streams have chang'd their usual course,
When earth forgets to move her nat'ral round,
And Ceres bids her fruits no more abound;
Then shall affection from my breast be driv'n,
That purest, choicest gift bestow'd by heav'n.
Then shall my heart prove hostile to th' above,
Forgetting *thee*—thee *only* whom I love.
Farewell, sweet girl! since we, alas! *must* part;
Farewell, awhile, to all that's near my heart;
Oh, cruel chance! that rudely forces me
To fly from *peace*, from *pleasure*, and from *thee!*

JUVENIS.

Force of Nature.

'TWAS on a cliff, whose rocky base
Baffled the briny wave;
Whose cultur'd heights their verdant store
To many a tenant gave:

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wander'd with her child;
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the grass
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd,
To mark that infant joy;
How oft would pause, amid her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon by other cares estrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forsook;
Careless he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropt was each flower that caught his eye,
Till scrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliff's unsheltered edge,
And, pleas'd, survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child—
The urchin gone! her cheeks were flush'd,
Her wandering eye was wild!

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—
Now careless peeping o'er!
He turn'd, and to his mother smil'd,
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly.
'Twas vain the brink to brave—
Oh nature! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to save.

She tore the 'kerchief from her breast,
And laid her bosom bare;
He saw, delighted—left the brink,
And sought the banquet there!

BURK'S GARDEN GRAVE.

I CLIMB'D the high hills of the dark Apparratox,
The stream pour'd its waters the wild woods among;
All was still, save the dash of the surge from the white rocks,
Where the sea-foul indulg'd in his tremulous song.

On my right, where the poplars, with fair branches gleaming,
Half embosom'd the proud vaulted villa of Jones;
On the tomb-stone of Daly the liquid sun streaming,
Mark'd the spot where the bard had found rest for his bones.

Oh! rare is the spot hung with clustering roses,
Where Virginia's sweet minstrel is gone to his rest,
For the sun's parting ray, on his grave oft reposes,
And the red-breast delights there to build her soft nest.

And oft shall the damsels, with bosoms high swelling,
Whose ruby lips sweetly his soft stanzas sing,
Dejected repair to the Bard's narrow dwelling,
And deck the rais'd turf with the garlands of Spring.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To Miss F—— B——, on her singing.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal,
When listening to the spheres above.

When tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh! Fanny, I will fly to thee,
And thou shall sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek,
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which, ah (forgive a heart that's weak)
So oft has stol'n my mind away.

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze, and die.... who would not die,
If death was half so sweet as this?

G. L. B.

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